

21 LANSDOWNE CRESCENT,

*8th APRIL, 1866.*

At the request of the ROYAL INFIRMARY DORCAS SOCIETY the subjoined Pamphlet is printed for circulation among the Ladies of Glasgow and neighbourhood.

It goes forth simply as it was written for one of the meetings of the Society, and the object of the writer in visiting London will be attained if the perusal of the paper induces the reader to contribute, either in money or kind, to the SECOND BAZAAR, which the Society intend to hold in the City Hall, Glasgow, in December, for the two much called for additions to the City's Charities of a

“CONVALESCENT FEVER HOME,”

AND A

“SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.”



Former success induces the Stallholders to hope for liberal contributions, and in order that the promoters of the two excellent schemes may know their resources, Ladies are requested to send their donations of work not later than 1st November.

Signed on behalf of the Stallholders,

BEATRICE CLUGSTON,

*Secretary.*

# GRAND BAZAAR

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

## ROYAL INFIRMARY DORCAS SOCIETY,

TO BE HELD

IN THE CITY HALL, GLASGOW,

ON THE 19TH, 20TH, 21ST, AND 22D DECEMBER, 1866.

### PATRONESSES.

Her Grace the DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.  
Her Grace the DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH.  
Her Grace the DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.  
The Right Honourable the LADY SUSAN GRANT SUTTIE.  
The Right Honourable the COUNTESS OF EGLINTON AND WINTON.  
The Right Honourable the COUNTESS OF DUNMORE.  
The Right Honourable the COUNTESS OF STAIR.  
The Right Honourable the COUNTESS DOWAGER OF GLASGOW.  
The Right Honourable the LADY OCTAVIA SHAW STEWART.  
The Right Honourable the LADY AGNES CAMPBELL.  
The Right Honourable the LADY ALICE LOUISA EWING.  
The Right Honourable the LADY ELIZABETH HARVY, of Castlesemple.  
The Right Honourable the LADY ISABELLA GORDON, of Aitkenhead.  
The Right Honourable the LADY MARY C. NISBET HAMILTON.  
The Right Honourable the LADY LUCY GRANT.  
The Right Honourable the LADY CHARLOTTE FLETCHER.  
The Right Honourable the LADY JANE DUNDAS.  
The Right Honourable the LADY CAROLINE CHARTERIS.  
The Right Honourable the LADY KATHRINE BUCHANAN.  
The Right Honourable the LADY JULIANA WALKER.  
The Right Honourable the LADY BELHAVEN AND HAMILTON.  
The Right Honourable the LADY DUNFERMLINE.  
The Honourable MRS. BOYLE.  
The Honourable MRS. HOPE.  
LADY COLEBROOKE, of Crawford.  
LADY MACDONALD LOCKHART, of Lee and Carnwath.  
LADY SETON STEUART, of Touch and Allanton.  
LADY GIBSON MAITLAND, of Cliftonhall.  
LADY ALISON, Possil House.  
MRS. SHAW STEWART, of Lagary.  
MRS. GRAHAM, Langley House, Prestwick.  
MRS. CAMPBELL, of Garscube.  
MRS. CAMPBELL, of Blythswood.  
The Honourable MRS. CAMPBELL.  
MRS. HOZIER, of Mauldslie Castle.  
MRS. WALROND, of Calder Park.  
MRS. A. BUCHANAN, Greenfield.  
MRS. BUCHANAN, of Drumpellier.  
MRS. HOULDSWORTH, Claremont Terrace.  
MRS. WILLIAM HOZIER, Tennochside.  
MRS. BLACKIE, Lilybank, Glasgow.

GLASGOW  
UNIVERSITY

# LIST OF STALLHOLDERS UP TO 12TH APRIL, 1866.

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## TABLE No. 1.

### The VICTORIA Table.

PROCEEDS TO BE ENTIRELY FOR CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

Her Grace the DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.

MRS. A. ORR EWING, of Ballikinrain.

MRS. JAMES CAMPBELL, Tullichewan.

MRS. A. M'GEORGE, Somerset Place.

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## TABLE No. 2.

### The ALBERT Table.

Her Grace the DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH.

MRS. BLACKIE, Lilybank.

MRS. GRAHAM, Langley House, Prestwick.

MRS. BLACK, Villafield.

MRS. M'CLURE, St. Germans.

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## TABLE No. 3.

The LADY AGNES CAMPBELL, Garscube.

The LADY OCTAVIA SHAW STEWART, Ardgowan.

MRS. CAMPBELL, Blythswood.

The Honourable MRS. CAMPBELL.

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## TABLE No. 4.

The LADY ISABELLA GORDON, of Aitkenhead.

The LADY ELIZABETH HARVEY, of Castlesemple.

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## TABLE No. 5.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM SMITH, Burnbank Terrace.

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## TABLE No. 6.

DORCAS WORK.

MRS. MUIRHEAD, of Longdales, Bothwell.

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## TABLE No. 7.

MRS. NISBET, Newton Terrace.

MRS. WILSON, Denniston.

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## TABLE No. 8.

PROCEEDS TO BE ENTIRELY FOR THE FEVER HOME.

MRS. BELL, Kew Terrace.

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## TABLE No. 9.

PROCEEDS FOR FEVER HOME.

MISS CLUGSTON, Lansdowne Crescent.

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## TABLE No. 10.

PROCEEDS FOR CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

MISS CLUGSTON, Lansdowne Crescent.

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## TABLE No. 11.

PROCEEDS FOR BOTH CAUSES, EQUALLY DIVIDED.

MISS CLUGSTON, Lansdowne Crescent.

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The proceeds of all Tables not *specially marked* are for both causes, *equally divided*.

# LONDON AND ITS HOSPITALS.

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LADIES,

There are countless objects in visiting London, and the purposes which induce the stranger to visit that crowded city are as varied as the faces which throng its streets. My object was a very simple one, and yet one in which generations yet unborn may be interested.

It was to see what the inhabitants of that great Babylon have done and are doing for the suffering poor, and thereby to stir up the people of Glasgow to greater usefulness in a department of Christian philanthropy, where sickness, added to deep poverty, calls loudly for the help of those whom Providence has endowed with this world's goods.

There are two classes of persons for whom I entertain the highest respect, and who are so intimately connected with the hospitals of this city, that, before giving any details of what I saw, I would desire to free them from any animadversions which might be thought to be given in my narrative. I allude to the Directors and Surgeons of the Infirmary. In regard to the former, I am sure my wonder is not what they do *not* do, but what they accomplish with the funds. There are so many *non-subscribers* who are at the same time *loud complainers* as to the conducting of the Infirmary affairs, that I think it justice to these gentlemen to assure them that any observations I make as to the hospitals of London are with the view of stirring up the *public*, not with the *shadow of reflection* as to the amount of good already done in the Glasgow Infirmary. As to the doctors, I consider that for their tender sympathy and care of the patients a debt of gratitude is due them by the public: the depth of which can only be understood by those who are eye-witnesses of their care. My visit to hospitals was not to discover better methods of medical treatment, for assuredly this would have been an uncalled-for errand, provided as we are with skill and care of the highest order; but I went to discover what wealth, when rightly administered, either in the form of legacy or annual subscription, could do for the suffering poor; and above all, what woman can do for the amelioration of their woes.

Trusting that these prefatory remarks will suffice as explanatory of my journey and its aim, I proceed to give ten photographic sketches of some of these sick *palaces*; for they are such in that great city.

## GREAT ORMOND STREET.

As many of those who read my paper are parents, I shall begin by a description of what is done for children. I saw four hospitals where they are specially cared for. The first was Great Ormond Street. This is the only hospital in London where the only parties admitted are children. Dickens, Miss Mulloch, and others, have so often depicted it, that I feel that the public have almost realized its arrangements. My remarks are not intended as descriptive of the building, neither are they to show touching pictures of little sick children, for I need not have gone so far to find either architecture or sorrow; but I tried to find out points in which we could imitate, and points in which we could shun their errors, in arrangements for a Sick Child's Hospital. And first as to the building. Even with that great old mansion-house and the adjoining lands which have been added to it, there are only seventy-five beds. This goes to prove that the erection of a clean, cheaply-constructed building may be made more commodious than an old one with long passages and dark staircases. I think seventy-five beds, even although these are so often refilled, a bagatelle when compared with the wants of a city.

So much for the building; then as to the arrangements. It would be at once unfeminine and presumptuous for me to combat all the pros and cons on a point whereon doctors differ—the treatment of sick children. I would say, get up the hospital, leaving it optional both with parents and doctors, as in Edinburgh, whether the children should be sent to the larger or smaller hospitals; but I presume the arrangements in Great Ormond Street are as wisely made as possible, as it is under the care of physicians eminent for their treatment of sick children. The wards are fourfold—Quarantine, Infections, Surgical and Medical, and Convalescent. The first or quarantine ward is that into which all cases of a doubtful nature, having alarming symptoms, are put till the disease develops itself. The second or infectious wards are those where cases of measles, fever, and diseases of a kindred nature, are kept till convalescent. The third are the cheerful, light, well-ventilated medical and surgical wards; of these, and the convalescent one, I am more able to speak, as I did not enter the former ones, being prone to infection. Dickens says of these wards, "It was like playing at being ill;" and when I stood amidst the hum of voices, and heard the laughter of some, the joyous cries of others, and found in this corner an urchin flying on a hobby horse, while close by lay a little pale face evidently suffering much, I could not help believing that the



prattle and noise of children does not annoy their equals as it does their seniors. It must not be thought that all of these were *playing* at being ill; some were in the deepest agony, and some little bright spirits were evidently hastening away to the land where the inhabitant says not, I am sick. Two such struck me much.

One dear little lamb, with a bad limb, lay on a crib with little sprigs of artificial flowers strewn about its bed. As I asked its history, it said, "Ma'am, I've no mother; my father is an artificial flower maker, and I've got a bad limb." Dear little lamb, the twigs around it told not only of an earthly father's calling, but of its heavenly Father's dealing. He comes into his garden to gather lilies, and I doubt not He will come and gather this little motherless one into the land where the children are not forbidden.

I saw a clear eye following me from a crib, and it looked as if to say, "Strange lady, speak a kind word to me." I put the usual hospital query, "Dear child, what's the matter with you?" It touched my hand with affectionate confidence, and said, "I don't know, ma'am; it's written on my card." Oh! I wondered at the gentleness of the good Shepherd. He putteth them in His bosom, and carrieth them they know not whither; and even when the road is rough and the night dark, these folded flowers are so safe in His keeping; that they open not till they are transplanted to a sunnier clime. The dear little sufferer had got but one inheritance on earth—a feeble frame—and this little tortured body was fast hastening to corruption; but when I saw that it knew not the way, I just asked the good elder Brother to conduct it safely to yonder side; and I doubt not that while these lines are writing, the little hands which clasped me as if I had been its mother have been folded across its bosom in the silence of childhood's grave.

I could narrate countless cases equally affecting, but these will suffice to prove that even the dread foe's approach does not inflict on the minds of children that terrible agony in the mingled ward of a Child's Hospital which it does in the case of a child subjected to witness many forms of full-grown men and women carried to the dead-house of a general hospital. The influence of children upon children in the matter of amusement was brought clearly before me in a way that may be interesting to relate. One little lad, about eight or ten, was pulling at my shawl, catching at everything, and looked like one possessed. I tried to exert my womanly influence, and when all my efforts proved vain, a little comrade explained the riddle by saying, "Ye see, ma'am, the boy is going out of his mind." Poor, dear child. I turned from him to look at others

who might be more easily managed, and wondered at the ways of God. On coming down the ward again, I found the idiot child *happy* and even joyous; and the instrument for the attainment of this was a little boy, his equal in years and kind of heart. I remember hearing of a child who could not be understood, and who alarmed his parents by the pitiful cry, "*I cke bus; I cke bus.*" The whole riddle was solved when another little urchin replied, "*For a cat sæ muchue!*" The one child said, "Like to burst." The other asked, "Why did you eat so much?" This little anecdote, and the example of the boy in Ormond Street, prove the influence of children upon children to be quite distinct from that of adults; and however doctors may differ as to the medical treatment of cases, they must own that the influence of children upon children tends to life and joy and youthful glee.

The convalescent ward was a cheerful scene. In a neat, airy room, with forms and table like a school-room, sat a little company of children—little girls down the one side, dressing dolls for Christmas, and little lads opposite, busy with picture books and bricks, and all sorts of amusement. I was struck with the elegant gifts in the room, and found that most of them had been presented by the Royal Family. The Princess Helena knits good useful stockings, and makes pinafores for the children; and all through the hospital you find the same tokens of the care and interest of the mother and daughters at Windsor Castle.

There is in Ormond Street also a convalescent sleeping-room, where the little recovering people sleep previous to their removal to Sheppard's Bush, Mitcham Farm, or Brighton, at all of which places there are Convalescent Homes for little people to perfect recovery. I find that a thing much wanted is a recovery home *strictly in connection* with the hospital; and therefore when our next Bazaar comes, part of the effort will be for a Seaside Home, where feeble little folks may get the breeze of the ocean to fit them for the bleak mountain of life up which they have yet to climb.

Having thus described the wards, let me say a word as to the attendance. As this is made a training school for nurses, seven ladies have gone there to live, devoting their whole time gratuitously to the care of the little ones.

I think that if Glasgow succeeds in the erection of an hospital, one good, kind matron, if possible a mother, will do quite well for the care; and let her have a good staff of *experienced, well-trained* nurses under her *in constant* attendance on the little inmates. I am persuaded that kind, judicious ladies going in to an hospital *statedly*, fresh

from all the endearments of social life in the outer world, *carry* with them to all sufferers, and *particularly* to the young, a freshness of thought and brightness of eye which *cannot* be communicated by those in constant attendance upon them. I would have the ladies of Glasgow to be faithful visitors *to*, and not *dwellers in*, its hospitals.

The number of outdoor patients who daily crowd to Ormond Street is something wonderful. The surgeons there are the men in London famed for children's complaints, and the mothers rush there with their little ones, contented that if they are not able to procure their entrance, they have had the best advice and remedies.

A £2 subscriber's line warrants the admission of one indoor and five outdoor patients in the year, and thus six people are the better for this little subscription.

The very dead-house in this home for suffering childhood had in it nothing alarming—nothing terrible. It was a neat little glass erection at the end of the play-ground; and when the little ones "fall asleep," they are carried and rest there till the poor parents come for their precious dust, and consign it to the silent tomb.

"And some are taken, we know not why,  
By the love that walketh in mystery."

#### CHARING CROSS.

Having thus described Great Ormond Street, allow me to conduct you to Charing Cross. It is a small but neat hospital, and it is one where, from children being so much better alone, they are kept in a ward in the upper storey. The arrangement of hospitals is so much alike, that unless where something not found in others attracted my attention, I do not intend to obtrude on the public the arrangements of the ten I visited.

My object in visiting Charing Cross was to see how children did in the ward of a large hospital. The little cribs were stretched along each side of the floor, and in them a great number of little bodies; some propped up with pillows to enable them to play with the many toys placed on the little board across their crib for a dining table: others were flat on their back, but still quite cheerful, and phrenological examinations were being made into the heads of dolls and animals, which had been the Christmas gifts to some of the nurseries of the better class, and were sent there; others were paying little visits to their comrades; and altogether, there was a feeling of Mrs. Hemans' estimate of youth—

"They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with mirth the hearth;  
Alas! for love, if this were all, and  
Nought beyond our earth."



In the corner there was a sort of small bed-room in connection with the ward, and this is the bed-room of the sister or head nurse, a respectable, staid, elderly person, who has the entire care of the little flock; others under her doing the more menial work. I thought a great deal of the motherly care of this woman, and her fireside was quite inviting; little plates all round heating, and a small jigot flying round on a string, while potatoes boiling, and a nice pudding firing, completed the culinary department of this interesting establishment. There was a warm savoury odour all through the ward, and their little noses seemed almost distended with delight by inhaling it. The nurse solved the riddle by saying, "You see, ma'am, my little people like roast best, and when it's boiling day down stairs, I get my jigot up here, and roast it for them: and between a slice of that and a little light pudding, they make a tolerable dinner."

So they might, thought the visitor, and, old maid as she was, wished that the little folks had invited her to dine with them. I wish some of the *dog* and *cat* fancying ladies would visit Children's Hospitals; they would transfer their affections to one of God's creatures truly more worthy of woman's love. I left Charing Cross persuaded that, if not in a separate hospital, children are better in a separate ward: their language, their amusements, their very sorrows seem lighter when thus among their equals.

Having thus described two of the Hospitals for Children, I shall conduct you very hurriedly through some of the hospitals for both old and young patients, and at the close of my paper return to the provision for children, as a tired father gambols with his little ones after the toils of a winter's day.

#### BARTHOLOMEW'S.

Bartholomew's is one of those rich endowed hospitals, where patients are taken in without any claim or line except that they are sick and poor. Over each ward, or rather four small ones, there is a superintendent-sister, in rank and appearance equal to any matron in the Glasgow hospitals. This person is accountable for all that is done in these wards, and thus the nurses are well looked after, and the patients seem attended with that care which acute suffering needs. Over each bed there is a small iron hoop, with a clean blue-and-white curtain hung down each side, and here the patient, if requiring minute examination or any other private matter, can secure retirement without in the least obstructing the ventilation.

The taste and desire of the patient in the matter of food are as much complied with as possible; and as I consider the food a most

essential matter in recovery, I went to the kitchen and saw the dinner served. A great big man cook was broiling with the dishing of so many hot joints, rations of beef, juice, and all other varieties of food—on the stairs I met women carrying up so many dainty dishes of oysters cold, oysters hot, chickens roasted and chickens boiled, that one would have believed it was an hotel and not an hospital. The man pitched out a thing which looked so curious it required explanation. He said, “Ma’am, upstairs there’s a boy who has taken a fancy for a *sheep’s tail*, and that is it going up to him.” I wished him joy of his fat dinner.

Now all this detail of luxurious diet is of no use to Glasgow, till the heart of some rich man is opened to endow an hospital. Then there will be, as in St. Bartholomew’s, a burly steward to boast at the gates, “We don’t need to go round the town begging for funds; Ma’am, if ye are ill, we’ll take you in now.”

#### GUY’S HOSPITAL.

There was in the city of London a man who, from being one of its poor booksellers, came to be one of its greatest benefactors. On a cold winter night, on one of the bridges, stood a man evidently so absorbed in thought, that a couple passing put £1 in his hand, saying, “Do not let poverty drive you to despair.” The musing bookseller returned the £1, and asked to whom he was indebted. Years afterwards he found the same name in the bankrupt list, and then returned the kindness fourfold by helping the bankrupt out of his troubles. So much was this man absorbed in some one point in life, that even love found no place in his bosom, at least not in the general acceptance of that term.

Once upon a time a decent woman came to him as housekeeper, and he thought perhaps in his declining days this woman might tend and care for him. A marriage was fixed to take place, and no doubt the woman looked forward to the stewardship of great wealth, for the old bookseller had amassed thousands. But the silver and the gold are the Lord’s, and He had destined it to a higher purpose. A small quarrel caused the old bookseller to retract his offer; and if it cost one heart sorrow at the moment, it has made many thousands to rejoice since, by the kindness and bountiful arrangements of Guy’s Hospital. As a specimen of how matters are conducted there, they have 20 head nurses or attending sisters, to each of whom £50 annually is given.

Should this paper meet the eye of any old bachelor who has never seen a person worthy to expend his accumulated wealth, I

would advise him to raise over his tomb a monument like this; and when he is rotting dust, his one talent will thus be bringing forth ten.

I do not enter on the details of these endowed hospitals, for they are so much above anything that we have seen, that the person intending to endow one for Glasgow must just go and see them before making his will.

#### KING'S COLLEGE.

King's College is a very splendid hospital as to the building, having large airy wards and winding staircases, giving one the idea of a palace, and not of an hospital. Several of the ladies connected with St. John's live in it, and the nursing of the sick here is thought very complete. The ladies dress the wounds, administer the medicines, and sit up with the dying. The friend who accompanied me through had been four nights consecutively sitting by a dying bed. Wonderful proof of the deep sympathy of woman for the suffering!

The thing that struck me most in this hospital was the Florence Nightingale Ward—dark polished floor, bright as ebony, a long table down the centre, and on it the napery from Windsor, white as snow; all the old linen is sent there. Aquariums, ferneries, gold fish in globes, and all sorts of living things adorned the ward; but on the one side, on beds, at great distances from each other, there were things of life more wonderful still—there were mothers fondling little strangers just newly begun life's journey. Dear little pets, their feeble cry seemed to open up a distant future, and one wondered if they would live to bless mankind, or die, and praise their maker in the upper sanctuary. The other half of this ward is devoted to the cases of women's diseases, which, from their very nature, call for private treatment. When I saw all this merciful provision, and found it was supported from the Nightingale Fund, I thought how sweet must be the sleep of that woman who has made so many weary hearts to sing for joy.

#### ST. GEORGE'S.

St. George's is an immense hospital. On entering it one feels overpowered by the crowd of young men rushing to obtain instruction, and old men there to impart it; and not reckoning the multitude outside for whose good this skill is sought, one thinks how terrible the suffering inside upon whose mangled forms and sinking frames these men practise.

I saw countless forms here, but one, in a corner of a female ward, rivetted me to her couch. Had an artist been searching the world for the model of perfect beauty in the countenance of a child, I think he would have paused at this couch, and said, "I need go no further." Its lovely face and bright eyes lay before me like a countenance from a brighter sphere, and one wondered at the division of the gifts of God, when a form so perfect was, after all, but a poor child in an hospital. I thought of her future life, and earnestly hoped that her lovely face might never prove a snare. Friends, God has His own restraining powers. I leant over the lovely form, and said, "What ails thee, dear lamb?" My utterance was choked when she said, "Ma'am, I've two tub feet, and I'm here to get them cut." Oh, when the time comes that the fold are all gathered in, I trust this bleating, halting lamb will find its own corner on the mountains of Emmanuel's Land, where "the lame man shall leap as an hart."

I am not aware that anything struck me as peculiar in the arrangements of this hospital except the convalescent ward. This is in the top flat, and the roof of the house is flat, and I think covered with glass. To this ward the patients repair during the day, returning to the general ward at bedtime. Books, games, and all sorts of relaxations, were found there; and being removed from the scenes of sorrow in a ward, must greatly help their recovery. St. George's, indeed all the hospitals, send convalescents to Walton-on-Thames, where, for £1 a month, any patient is admitted. I could not help feeling the benefit of having a recovery home attached to each hospital. People in Bothwell Homes meet with old fellow-sufferers, and rejoice together in restored health. I doubt not often the goodness of God "leads them to repentance."

#### LONDON FREE.

On one of the great walls in a side street in London, I read these words:—"London Free Hospital." "All strangers, foreigners, and poor are taken in here on application, without line or note of any kind." I thought this a most valuable tablet to be on the wall, and had great desire to see the interior. The house steward kindly conducted me through. The wards and nurses had a poorer and more sunk look than the others, and this, on inquiry, was because its gates, although thus open to all, like the Gospel water, without money and without price, are still obliged to be shut against many who would need such a shelter, just because the public do not support it. Oh, I think if any hospital in London should be



supported it is this, where the poor and wretched find refuge without seeking over a city for a subscriber's line.

The whole hospital having been gone over, we reached the top floor. Here, as in Charing Cross, there is a company of sufferers kept apart. Oh, it is not joyful children, nor even suffering little ones. No; it is, as the steward termed it, "their *lost ward*." I did not enter its dreary scenes, for I do not consider it a proper thing to make an exhibition of such; but when I thought of the multitude in that Babylon who "forget the covenant of their God," and "forsake the right way," I blessed God that in their hour of extremity they had a shelter where they might fly.

"Oh, spurn her not! a mother's care  
Her childhood never knew;  
And she was once like angels fair,  
And innocent and true.

Oh, spurn her not! for she had none  
A warning word to say;  
Of all the flock there was but one  
That e'er was known to stray.

Pity her too confiding youth,  
That early learned to stray;  
And lead her back to holy truth,  
And virtue's sacred way."

#### WESTMINSTER.

In our tour through the hospitals, we are come to Westminster. The locality of this hospital is in one of the densely populated districts of London, and this makes it look more dreary than some of those of more recent erection; but if there is in woman's countenance a power to lighten, it is seen in the Westminster Hospital, where Miss Eagar, (the respected matron,) a lady of pleasing manners, benevolent countenance, and most intense sympathy with the sufferers, conducts you through its wards. I thought one such bright countenance had more power over the hospital than a hundred Sisters of Mercy in doleful garb.

In this hospital, as in many others, fever patients are scattered up and down the medical wards. Of course, it is the result of the best advice, and is done from the best of motives, but I think whatever effect it may have on the fever patients, surely the effect on the medical cases must be injurious. As I said at the first, I will shun all points on which doctors differ, and this is one.

In this hospital they had what I did not see in any other—an *incurable ward*. Here poor sufferers, who have been long time in that case, are kept and cared for till death puts an end to their sorrows. One would think it would be a sort of dull almshouse:



far from it. It was as cheerful as any ward in the house; and even a woman who has been forty years ill, was walking about as comfortable as if she were at home. One poor widow, who is a patient up stairs, was calling for the incurables. She had been out in a Bath wheeling chair in the parks, and was paying a short visit on her way to the second storey. I just wished that some one would send me an old out-of-door wheeling chair, or an old *shaltery dan* of a conveyance, which, by the hire of a horse, could both take patients to Bothwell, and give them an airing when there.

On leaving the hospital I got a small gift from poor Jane, one of the inmates of the incurable ward. Jane makes pin-cushions, and on leaving begs your acceptance of this small remembrance. Her proud spirit will not allow her to take payment, but any ladies having bits of silk will confer a favour by directing them to Jane, in the incurable ward of the Westminster Hospital. A little kindness like this will help her to bear her life burden.

#### THE FOUNDLING.

Having now depicted the general hospitals, let me come again to the children. Tupper says "a babe in a house is a wellspring of joy," but to a mind weary with depicting, it is like a brook in the desert to describe the care and provision that is made for tender childhood.

The last two hospitals which I visited had in each of them ample provision for the little ones. In the one case, the whole establishment was filled with little folks and merry voices; for although a few were in the sick room, the multitude was such a merry company, that one would have thought the dwelling must have been in a rural district, instead of, as it was, the heart of the bustling world of London. And what hospital was this, and who were the merry cared for little people who inhabited it?

The hospital was once a simple small place in the country, and the founder having wisely secured the surrounding fields, the annual revenue of the hospital is now up to £11,000, as these fields are covered with great buildings, and yield high rents.

And then the little people whom I saw singing and frisking in childish glee, and growing up to take their place on the stage of useful life, had so many varied entrances into this vale of tears that time would fail to depict them. They have no claim on any parish, for they are at birth such burdens to those who possess them that there is no effort made to get them entered on a parish roll; and but for the gales of this blessed hospital many of them

would have found a watery grave. I noticed in the entrance hall, and, indeed, on every prominent corner of the building, in letters of gold, a precious promise which at once explained their history—"When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." And again, over a large box for offerings, it was written—"These cannot recompense thee; but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Precious promises; how full of important tidings to the youthful inmates, and to those who help them!

God works by instruments; and into the heart of the good Captain Coram, in 1720, God deposited the care of these little ones, by permitting to cross his path on his way to his own home countless outcasts and neglected infants. Rivers have their source, often a small rill on a mountain side; and thus, from this little rill of sympathy, has flowed down more than a century a river, yea, an ocean, of sympathy in the hearts of the kind and humane, till the Foundling Hospital has come to be one of the sights of London. This, like all the other hospitals already depicted, to be fully understood must be seen; and failing your ever accomplishing this, you must read for yourself the large and excellent Report published and circulated. It is so very interesting, and so different from the usual dry details of institutions, that no one needs farther proof of the interesting nature of the subject of which it treats.

To parents such an institution must ever send them to their knees in earnest supplication and thanksgiving for the blessed sanctuary of their quiet home, and the young who have grown up under the sheltering bower of parental love, could not witness the mirth of these dear little ones without shedding tears, that in their very joyousness they were strangers to a father's smiles—exiles from a mother's blessing. Dear little things! when the large room was opened where the multitude of little voices made the walls to ring, I saw the promise true—the Lord does "take them up."

I cannot pretend to describe the whole, nor even to convey to paper anything like an adequate conception of the great establishment. It was holiday time, and a little lad conducted us through the long wards and large airy school-rooms. The wards were clean and white as the driven snow, and the walls were decorated with permanent tablets, in some cases giving names of persons who had left large donations, in others quoting Christian graces for the young to cherish; but always interspersed with the hospital promise, so that if any weary little eye turned in wonder to the wall and felt desolate, it might see the reviving words, "The Lord will take me

up." In keeping with the Christmas time, the festoons of flowers and leaves gave a look of cheerfulness and gaiety to the whole, and the girls had prepared in wreaths of flowers for the prominent parts, "A merry Christmas." The sleeping wards were long and well-ventilated rooms, with tiny beds and neat curtains, and at the foot of each bed a small basket for the sleeper's clothes. As the founder was military, all the arrangements are made and the rules kept with regimental exactness, and consequently the visitor does not see anything out of joint.

The children when weakly, and all of them till they are three years of age, are reared in the country. After that stage they pass into the infant school, where little galleries are filled with happy little people at lessons. From this they advance to the school-rooms, where a good plain education fits them for the stage of life, and a creditable position on the same.

When I saw in the boys' class-room noble countenances and sparkling eyes, over whose birth some mother in her anguish had shed bitter tears, I wished that the other parent could then have stood by me as I encouraged the lads in their life's duties. Yes, even in the most abandoned wretch there is that remnant of remorse which, if not here conquered by divine grace, will form the chief ingredient in the world of darkness; and this smouldering spark still in the reptile's bosom would, at the sight of his boy loved and cared for, have driven him to his knees until, like Abraham of old, he cried, "Oh, that Ishmael might live before Thee!" and then, turning in on his own remorseful conscience, he would cry, "Cast me not away from Thy sight." Tongue would fail to tell the emotions which steal over the heart on beholding those whom the Lord has taken up; and although my life work is the sick and suffering, I do hope that this may reach the eye of some one like Captain Coram, who one day will enable us to say that the Foundling Hospital is one of the sights of Glasgow.

The boys and girls are kept and trained till they are 14. The next seven years of their life is spent in the avocation which they have chosen, the Directors still keeping an eye over them. After that, being of age, they are set out in life, and many of them fill places of honour and trust. In cases where their infant hardships unfit them for labour, their bodily weakness goes with them as a burden for life; and as they have no claim on any parish, there are in London poor old men and women who to hoary hairs have been supported by the charity fund of this hospital; and those who wish to help such have a twofold promise of payment—"Thou

shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just," and having thus lent to the poor, His word abideth ever, "The same shall he repay."

### THE LONDON.

And now, bidding farewell to the dear little ones thus cared for, we find ourselves at Whitechapel, where, at the end of a long street, stands the London Hospital. Perhaps for the mere matter of building, King's College and some others excel this; but for internal comfort, motherly care of the patients by a very interesting Irish lady, the matron, and a staff of most efficient nurses, I do not think I saw any hospital more entirely to my mind. Having visited it twice, and examined all its details, I had perhaps a more minute perception of what can be done for suffering humanity than in the others. To begin at the head of the establishment, Mrs. Neilson is a most prepossessing person; she has a large airy sitting-room and bed-room in the centre of the building. She retires in July, after thirty years of faithful service, with her full salary. My earnest wish for her is that she may long live to use and enjoy this fruit of her labours, and that to sweeten her future life, she may be able, looking back, to say, "I was eyes to the blind, and the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me."

The sisters or nurses under her are all most respectable women, with their neat, comfortable parlour and bed-room in the centre of four wards, over which they have charge. The large plates over the fireplaces struck me much. They were all written thus ("by direct permission,")—The Victoria Ward, the Princess Royal Ward, the Gloucester Ward, the Melisham Ward, &c. The two first titles proved the deep interest of the Royal Family in the sick who lay around, and the latter (Melisham), and many other names, were given in remembrance of some of London's princely merchants, who had of their abundance cast into the Lord's treasury a liberal offering to this hospital.

All the beds had over them a light iron hoop, from which were suspended clean checked curtains. These, as in the other hospitals, are always used in cases where privacy is a comfort to the patient. At the side of the bed stood a neat press, or what they call a locker, into which the patient's teapot, cup and saucer, bread and butter, for the day are put; and here also, if unable to finish it, they can put any little bit of fowl or meat left from dinner, to be taken when inclined. This I thought to a faint heart a great comfort. It contained all they possessed for the time being; and yet, when



the matron opened one and another of the little doors, I thought the eye from the bed looked at me as if to say, "Strange friend, do you see how snug I am?" Besides this, there is another form of locker used in all the hospitals. A small box or drawer, in some cases fastened to, in others pushed far under the bed, contained always, except in cases of extreme filth or infection, the patient's clothes. This did seem to me a more comfortable arrangement, where the patients are decent, than to let them be taken to a store, where they are put among the garments of the multitude. Some say if it were so here, the patients would rise and leave; but even in the prison cell love and gentleness always win, and I am certain we cannot do too much to mitigate the sorrows of an hospital bed. I saw countless other instances of comforts for the sick which must be suggested by degrees, as all such improvements are more certain when effected gradually. Meantime, the central spring is public liberality to the Infirmary directors. This will enable them to pay higher wages to the nurses, and this I consider, next to the doctor's skill, the mainspring of recovery.

In this London hospital the children are put up in the top flat, and thus, while distinct from the adult patients, they enjoy the medical advice of the old physicians, and furnish a good field for practice to the young. They looked very comfortable and snug in their nursery ward, and were, as in the other hospitals, playing between meals. In this institution, its proximity to Whitechapel makes it a very ready resort for sick Jews and their families who have shops there; and for their comfort there is a Hebrew ward, with the Commandments on the door-post, and portions of the Law written on the walls. A Hebrew kitchen is kept, where the food is prepared apart; and the only Christians among them are a nurse and doctor. I earnestly hope that their bright example, and the Christian philanthropy which has provided for them such a shelter, may be blessed to the removing the veil from their hearts; and when I saw the little Hebrew maidens and the aged matrons follow us with their blessing, I longed for the time, God hasten it, when they too shall be brought in.

In the upper storey I found the operating theatre, and, close beside it, clean, neat rooms, with delf panelled walls, into which the poor patients are removed after operation, till quiet and time have so far restored them that they can take their appointed place in the ward. These tile walls are thought a preventive to that hospital fever which cuts off its multitudes yearly in general wards; and so much is this approved of, that the directors are making the walls of the new wing of this description.



Tuesday being their dismissal day, there is a special service in the chapel, and here all patients going again into the world are requested to assemble for a hymn of thanksgiving—fitting conclusion to an hospital sojourn: perhaps the deepest, truest praise they will ever render till they pass into that sanctuary where the inhabitant never says, “I am sick.”

I could dwell long on the remembrance of this hospital; but I must conclude by depicting one of the loveliest sights I have ever seen, and one well fitted to stir up the ladies of Glasgow to the training of their children “in the way they should go.”

On the day before Christmas, when visiting the hospital, there arrived two carriages, containing two governesses, two nurses, and ten children. From the merry countenances of the well-dressed children, and the happy feeling which brightened up the whole party, it was evident that some errand of great importance had induced them to leave the festivities of a comfortable London home, and come in such a band to the sick and suffering; and the sequel will prove that the object was well fitted to show the paramount blessing of giving, as compared with receiving. On following these ten young people down the wards, I saw, as in letters of gold, God’s promise—“The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.” The children were the happy family of the Chairman of the Hospital, Mr. Buxton, and consequently the grandchildren of him whose life work was to free the captive, and the grand nieces and nephews of the woman who, by her godly life and arduous labours, stirred the sympathy of Scotland to its core for the prisoner in the cell.

Down the wards I noticed large boards of clean scrubbed wood loaded with tea and sugar ready for distribution; and this turned out to be the annual gift of the father about to be administered by the children. Oh! how I wished that all my lady friends had been in these wards as the dear children went from bed to bed bestowing, and in turn receiving blessings. The little lads gave picture papers neatly folded, and the little ladies, for they were such, went about with gentle voice exclaiming at each bed, “Might I offer you some tea? will you accept a little sugar?” In some cases where the little ones were sleeping in their cots, the bounteous gift was laid with gentle hand on the crib; and when the slumberers were refreshed by repose, their waking thoughts would doubtless be, “How kind.” A little child stood with its gift of tea at the bed where a poor black woman was dying of dropsy. Evidently the little maiden was alarmed with the dark countenance, but the

governess soon made it all straight by telling her "the woman had come from a far country."

There stood beside that little maiden a visitor lost in thought—overpowered by emotion. My thoughts rose with rapid flight from the little maiden at the black woman's couch to the upper sanctuary, where the good man who procured their freedom and the slave who came to the all-cleansing fountain, stand together around the throne in adoring wonder at redeeming grace.

Surely "the righteous are in everlasting remembrance," and their "seed are blessed." The sainted Buxton has rested from his labour, and Elizabeth Fry has gone to her reward; but their children's children are serving now the same Master, and even to Heaven's portals there could be no better tidings borne than that their "children walk in the truth."

Ladies, I have concluded my rapid survey of these scenes of sorrow. What influence has the recital upon you? On me it is to send me to my knees, crying, "Unprofitable servant;" and if the reviving promise of sufficient grace enables me to raise another cry, it would be—"Let a double portion of Thy spirit fall on each one of our Society, yea on all the city, that we may more wisely than ever 'consider the case of the poor.'"

BEATRICE CLUGSTON,  
*Secretary.*

